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NO.9 SEPT.
BIG TOWN
STEVE WILSON RACES INTO MILE-A-MINUTE DANGER TO WRITE THE SURPRISE HEADLINE STORY of... "BEAUTY AND BULLETS!"
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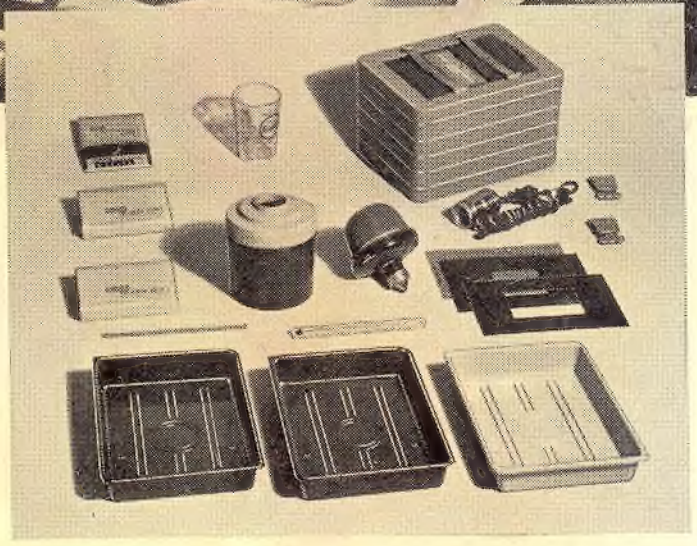

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BIG TOWN
THAT'S STEVE WILSON!
THE GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN?
CAN WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, MR. WILSON?
STEVE WILSON! HAH! HE'S A PHONEY!
ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING
DANNY'S SCRAPBOOK WAS FILLED WITH THE STORIES OF CRIME CASES CRACKED BY STEVE WILSON, BIG TOWN'S ACE REPORTER! THE YOUNGSTER THOUGHT STEVE WAS THE GREATEST NEWSPAPER-MAN IN THE WORLD! TO HIM, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS' NEWSMAN WAS ALWAYS A WINNER—A HEROIC FIGURE WHO NEVER MADE A MISTAKE! BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED!— AND WHAT IT WAS CAUSED MUCH ANGUISH AND BITTERNESS TO THE BOY WHO THOUGHT OF STEVE WILSON AS...
THE TIN HERO OF BIG TOWN!

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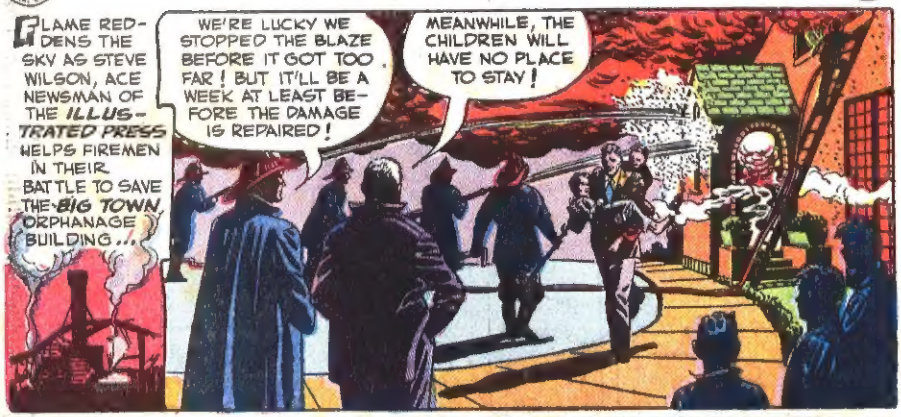
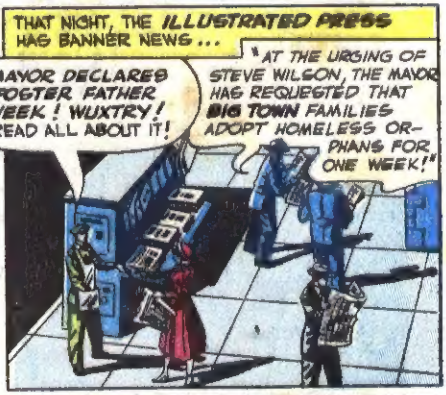

GLAMOR REDDENS THE SKY AS STEVE WILSON, ACE NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS HELPS FIREMEN IN THEIR BATTLE TO SAVE THE BIG TOWN ORPHANAGE BUILDING...
WE'RE LUCKY WE STOPPED THE BLAZE BEFORE IT GOT TOO FAR! BUT IT'LL BE A WEEK AT LEAST BEFORE THE DAMAGE IS REPAIRED!
MEANWHILE, THE CHILDREN WILL HAVE NO PLACE TO STAY!

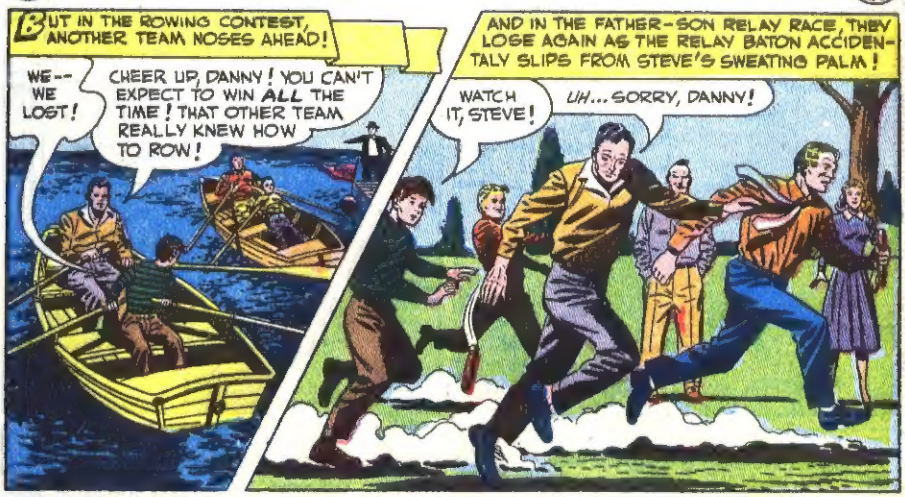
I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN GIVE THOSE YOUNGSTERS REAL HOMES FOR A WEEK! I'M GOING TO TALK TO THE MAYOR...

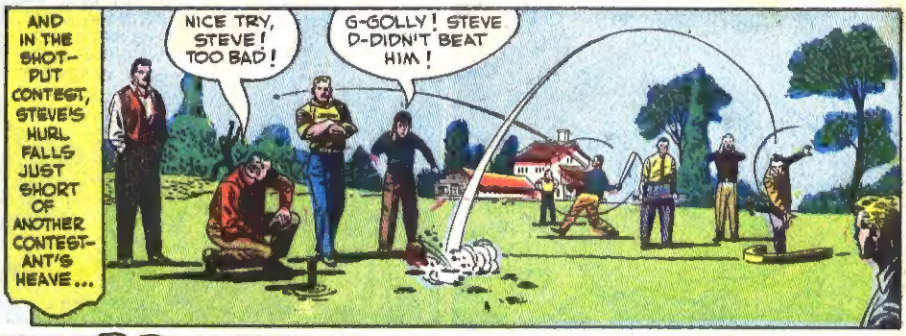

THAT NIGHT, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS HAS BANNER NEWS...
MAYOR DECLARES FOSTER FATHER WEEK! WUXTRY! READ ALL ABOUT IT!
"AT THE URGING OF STEVE WILSON, THE MAYOR HAS REQUESTED THAT BIG TOWN FAMILIES ADOPT HOMELESS ORPHANS FOR ONE WEEK!"

AND STEVE WILSON, HIMSELF A BACHELOR, JOINS OTHERS WHO APPLY FOR TEMPORARY PARENTHOOD...
PLEASE, MR. WILSON-TAKE ME! SEE, YOU JUST GOT TO! SEE -- I'VE EVEN GOT A SCRAPBOOK ALL ABOUT YOU!
STEVE WILSON
WELL, I GUESS I JUST CAN'T REFUSE YOU, SON! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
DANNY! GOLLY, MR. WILSON! I GUESS I'M THE LUCKIEST KID IN THE WHOLE WORLD-- NOW!
2

LATER, AS DANNY TAKES LEAVE OF THE OTHER CHILDREN, HE BOASTS HAPPILY WITH ALL THE PRIDE A YOUNGSTER CAN POSSIBLY HAVE ...
WHEN I STARTED THIS SCRAPBOOK I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER BE LIVING WITH STEVE WILSON! HE'S JUST ABOUT THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
WHAT LUCK!
GOSH!
AFTERWARD, STEVE TAKES HIS AWED WARD THROUGH THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS' GREAT PRESS ROOM ...
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DANNY?
SWELL! WAIT'LL I TELL THE KIDS ABOUT THIS!
DANNY, MEET LORELEI KILBOURNE, ONE OF OUR REPORTERS!
I'VE READ ALL ABOUT YOU, MISS KILBOURNE! YOU'RE TERRIFIC!
THANK YOU, DANNY--I MUST SAY YOU KNOW HOW TO FLATTER A WOMAN!
HMMM! MAYBE I OUGHT TO START LOOKING AT ENGAGEMENT RINGS! A YOUNGSTER ABOUT THE HOUSE MIGHT START GIVING STEVE IDEAS ABOUT MARRIAGE!
NEXT DAY, THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS CHARTERS A BUS AND SPONSERS AN OUTING FOR THE FOSTER FATHERS...
FOSTER FATHERS OUTING
AND LATER, ON LAND ADJOINING A FARM ...
I PROMISED THE OWNER OF THAT FARM WE WOULDN'T TRESPASS!
WELL, HE CERTAINLY CAN'T OBJECT IF I TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU TWO WITH HIS FARM AS A BACKGROUND!
NO TRESPASSING
5

OKAY, HAM IT UP! SMILE! THAT'S FINE ...HOLD IT!
NO TRES-PASSING!
SINCE LORELEI USED A NEW—TYPE CAMERA THAT DEVELOPS AND PRINTS A PICTURE, ONE MINUTE LATER THE PHOTOGRAPH IS READY...
YOU GOT US IN NICELY, LORELEI--INCLUDING THE FARMER STARING AT US FROM HIS SILO! BUT IT'S A FINE SNAP!
IF YOU DON'T MIND, DANNY, I'D LIKE TO KEEP THIS PICTURE IN MY WALLET--SO I CAN ALWAYS REMIND MYSELF OF THE SWELL BOY WHO WAS MY "SON" FOR A WEEK!
(GULP) GEE... GEE WHIZ...
ALL RIGHT, GANG! TIME FOR THE ATHLETIC COMPETITION! LET'S SEE WHICH TEAM OF FATHER AND SON IS THE WINNER!
ATHER OUTING
BET STEVE WILSON WINS EVERY EVENT! THIS IS KID STUFF TO HIM! HE'S BEEN IN ALL KINDS OF BATTLES WITH CROOKS WHERE HE'S HAD TO BE A REAL ATHLETIC CHAMP!
GOSH!
FIRST EVENT--THE POTATO SACK RACE! AND YOUNG DANNY NEARLY BURSTS WITH PRIDE AS HE AND STEVE CROSS THE FINISH LINE FIRST!
GOOD WORK, DANNY!
HA! HA! I KNEW WE'D WIN!

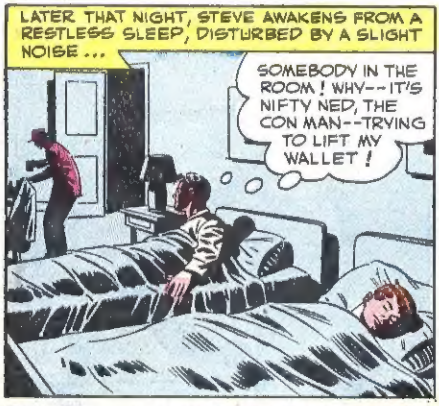

BUT IN THE ROWING CONTEST, ANOTHER TEAM NOSES AHEAD!
WE-- WE LOST!
CHEER UP, DANNY! YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO WIN ALL THE TIME! THAT OTHER TEAM REALLY KNEW HOW TO ROW!
AND IN THE FATHER-SON RELAY RACE, THEY LOSE AGAIN AS THE RELAY BATON ACCIDENTALY SLIPS FROM STEVE'S SWEATING PALM!
WATCH IT, STEVE!
UH... SORRY, DANNY!


AND IN THE SHOT-PUT CONTEST, STEVE'S HURL FALLS JUST SHORT OF ANOTHER CONTESTANT'S HEAVE...
NICE TRY, STEVE! TOO BAD!
G-GOLLY! STEVE D-DIDN'T BEAT HIM!

LATER...
N'YA, CHAMP!
SO STEVE WILSON WILL WIN EVERY EVENT, HUH?
DANNY'S TAKING THIS TOO SERIOUSLY! THE TROUBLE IS HE'S MADE A TIN GOD OF STEVE, AND NOW HE THINKS STEVE'S LET HIM DOWN!

DANNY, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THINKING OF STEVE AS SOME KIND OF SUPERMAN! SURE, HE'S A GREAT NEWSPAPERMAN! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE HE WORKS HARD AT HIS JOB! HE HAS HIS FAILURES AS WELL AS SUCCESSES! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

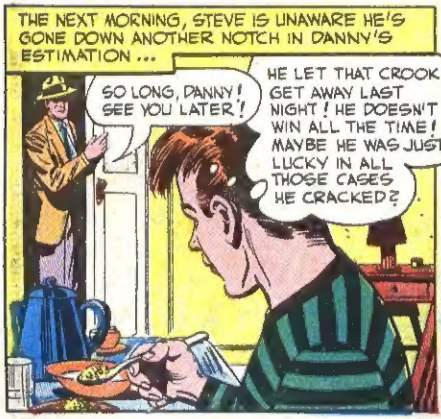
BUT DANNY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND REALLY, AND THAT NIGHT, STEVE IS PUZZLED BY THE LAD'S MOODINESS...
HE JUST SITS THERE--STARING AT HIS SCRAP-BOOK!
ALL THESE STORIES SHOW STEVE WINNING OVER CROOKS--BUT HOW ABOUT STORIES THAT WEREN'T WRITTEN--WHEN STEVE DIDN'T WIN?


LATER THAT NIGHT, STEVE AWAKENS FROM A RESTLESS SLEEP, DISTURBED BY A SLIGHT NOISE ...
SOMEBODY IN THE ROOM! WHY--IT'S NIFTY NED, THE CON MAN--TRYING TO LIFT MY WALLET!

LOOKING FOR ANYTHING SPECIAL--OR WILL THIS DO?

I AIN'T STAYIN' TO TRADE PUNCHES WITH YOU, WILSON!

BEFORE THE DAZED NEWSPAPERMAN CAN REGAIN HIS FEET, THE BURGLAR IS GONE ...
YOU ALL RIGHT, STEVE?
YES, DANNY! BUT WHAT PUZZLES ME IS WHY A BIG CON MAN LIKE NIFTY NED WOULD TRY A CHEAP BURGLARY? IT DOESN'T ADD UP!


THE NEXT MORNING, STEVE IS UNAWARE HE'S GONE DOWN ANOTHER NOTCH IN DANNY'S ESTIMATION ...
SO LONG, DANNY! SEE YOU LATER!
HE LET THAT CROOK GET AWAY LAST NIGHT! HE DOESN'T WIN ALL THE TIME! MAYBE HE WAS JUST LUCKY IN ALL THOSE CASES HE CRACKED?

THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE IS HOMEWARD BOUND..
I ALWAYS GET WHAT I GO AFTER, WILSON!
UHH...

WHEN STEVE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS ...
WALLET'S EMPTIED! ODD-- HE NOT ONLY TOOK MY MONEY BUT EVERYTHING ELSE! HMM! WHAT IF HE TOOK MY MONEY TO COVER UP THAT HE REALLY WANTED SOMETHING ELSE IN MY WALLET?
AFTER DINNER, AT HOME, STEVE STILL PUZZLES OVER NIFTY'S THEFT ...
I DIDN'T CARRY ANYTHING OF REAL VALUE IN MY WALLET! AND I DIDN'T ADD ANY-THING NEW, EXCEPT THAT SNAPSHOT LORELEI TOOK!
WAIT--I PUT THAT SNAPSHOT IN MY WALLET YESTERDAY, AND LAST NIGHT NIFTY TRIED TO STEAL MY WALLET! THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE! HMMM! NOW I REMEMBER-- THAT FACE IN THE SILO WINDOW! I'M GOING TO PLAY A HUNCH!
WHILE STEVE WASHES UP, DANNY NOTES THE WALLET'S EMPTY GLASSOID POCKET-- AND BITTERLY MISINTERPRETS WHAT HE SEES!
STEVE SAID HE WOULD ALWAYS CARRY OUR PICTURE WITH HIM--AND I BELIEVED HIM! THAT WAS JUST TALK!
DANNY, I-I'VE GOT A DATE WITH LORELEI, SO I'LL BE GOING OUT FOR AWHILE!
I HATED TO TELL DANNY THAT LITTLE WHITE LIE, BUT IF HE TAGS ALONG HE MIGHT GET HURT! I MAY RUN INTO TROUBL■!
BUT TWO MINUTES AFTER STEVE LEAVES, LORELEI PHONES...
OH, HELLO, DANNY! I FEEL IN THE MOOD FOR COMPANY TONIGHT! TELL STEVE I'M COMING OVER FOR A VISIT!
B-BUT, LORELEI, STEVE JUST LEFT FOR YOUR PLACE! HE SAID HE HAD A DATE WITH YOU!

THAT'S THE FIRST I'VE HEARD OF IT! HELLO?.. DANNY? HELLO?
HE LIED TO ME! HE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED HAVING ME AROUND--JUST LIKE HE DIDN'T BOTHER CARRYING MY PICTURE IN HIS WALLET!
I'LL BET STEVE WILSON THOUGHT UP FOSTER FATHER WEEK JUST SO HE'D HAVE A HUMAN INTEREST STORY! SURE--THAT'S ALL I REALLY AM TO HIM--JUST A STORY! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE!
AS THE BROKEN-HEARTED BOY REACHES THE STREET...
HE'S STILL AROUND! JUST GOT HIS GAS TANK FILLED! HE'S GOING FOR A DRIVE SOMEWHERE! BOY, I'D LIKE TO TELL HIM OFF RIGHT NOW--BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!
UNOBSERVED, DANNY CREEPS INTO THE REAR OF THE CAR ...
I'LL GET INSIDE AND FACE HIM WHEN HE GETS TO WHERE HE'S GOING--WHICH ISN'T LORELEI'S!
AS STEVE DRIVES OFF, HE IS UNAWARE HIS VEHICLE CARRIES A GRIM STOWAWAY...
I'LL COME OUT AND TEAR UP MY SCRAPBOOK RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM! THAT'LL SHOW HIM!
LATER, THE BOY IS ASTONISHED AS THE CAR HALTS AT THE SITE OF THE FOSTER FATHER OUTING...
THIS SURE IS MYSTERIOUS! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW STEVE AND SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!
AS THE BOY WARILY TRAILS STEVE TOWARD THE SILO, HE SUDDENLY STUMBLES UPON A ROCK AND...
WHA...
??
WHAP!

IRONICALLY, IT IS THE BOY'S MISSTEP, AND THE FALLING SCRAPBOOK OF STEVE'S EXPLOITS, THAT BETRAYS STEVE TO A KILLER!
WHO MADE THAT RACKET OUT HERE! GETTIN' CLUMSY, EH, WILSON? COME ON IN--THE DOOR'S OPEN!
SO IT WAS YOU
INSIDE THE SILO...
BIG JIM FLOWERS! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOUR FACE ON THE SNAPSHOT! SO THIS IS WHERE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING WHILE THE POLICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!
BRIGHT BOY!
WHO'D FIGURE A SILO WAS A HIDEOUT FOR CROOKS ON THE LAM? YOU AND THE "FARMER" IN THIS HIDEOUT RACKET TOGETHER, NIFTY?
WE'RE PARTNERS! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO QUEER IT! BIG JIM TOLD ME THE DAME SNAPPED HIS PICTURE JUST AS HE HAPPENED TO BE LOOKIN' OUT!...
SO THAT'S WHY YOU HAD TO STEAL THAT SNAPSHOT! YOU KNEW THAT SOONER OR LATER I'D RECOGNICE BIG JIM'S FACE!
YEAH--AND NOW THAT I GOT RID O' THE SNAPSHOT, I'M GONNA GET RID O' YOU! I'M MAKIN' YOU COFFIN BAIT RIGHT NOW!
SUDDENLY, SOMETHING DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET AND...
DANNY'S SCRAPBOOK!
UH...
RID!
WHEN I HEARD WHAT WAS HAPPENING I RAN UP THE OUTSIDE STAIRS AN' THEN--BOMBS AWAY!
STEVE--LOOK OUT!
DANNY!
9

I'LL BLAST YOU HIGHER'N A--
YOU'RE DUE FOR A FALL, BIG JIM!
POW
STEVE! BEHIND YOU!
I SEE HIM, DANNY!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA SEE MUCH...
IN A SPLIT-INSTANT, STEVE'S QUICK BRAIN AND EQUALLY SWIFT BODY REACT TO MEET THAT PRONGED DOOM!
--FROM NOW ON BECAUSE--
POIING!!
AND THEN STEVE'S HAMMERING FISTS GO TO WORK SWIFTLY...
GOLLY! JUST LOOK AT STEVE HANDLE HIM!
THE NEXT DAY, DANNY LOOKS AT HIS SCRAPBOOK WITH NEW UNDERSTANDING...
WHY ARE YOU STARING SO HARD AT THAT STORY?
I GUESS, FOR ONCE-- I'M READING BETWEEN THE LINES!
STEVE WILSON CAPTURES BIG JIM FLOWERS!
A MONTH LATER, WHEN DANNY IS ADOPTED BY A CHILDLESS COUPLE, HE PROUDLY SHOWS THEM THAT SAME SCRAP-BOOK...
STEVE WILSON MUST BE QUITE A HERO TO YOU-- AND THAT BOOK TELLS THE WHOLE STORY ABOUT HIM, EH, SON?
STEVE WILSON'S A GREAT NEWSPAPERMAN BECAUSE HE WORKS HARD AT HIS JOB! THAT IS THE REAL INSIDE STORY OF STEVE WILSON!
STEVE WILSON
THE END

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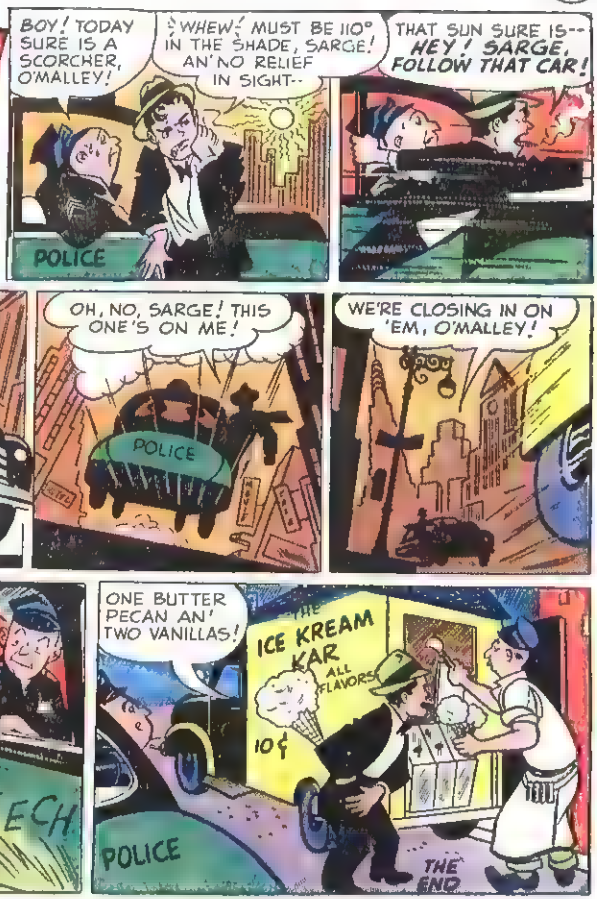
BOY! TODAY SURE IS A SCORCHER, O'MALLEY!
WHEW! MUST BE 110° IN THE SHADE, SARGE! AN' NO RELIEF IN SIGHT--
POLICE
THAT SUN SURE IS-- HEY! SARGE, FOLLOW THAT CAR!
LEMME HANDLE THIS, O'MALLEY!
OH, NO, SARGE! THIS ONE'S ON ME!
POLICE
WE'RE CLOSING IN ON 'EM, O'MALLEY!
PULL OVER, YOU!
SCREEEEECH
ONE BUTTER PECAN AN' TWO VANILLAS!
ICE KREAM KAR
ALL FLAVORS
10¢
POLICE
THE END

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BIG TOWN
WHEN A MILLION DOLLAR THEFT ROCKED BIG TOWN, IT TOUCHED OFF A REIGN OF TERROR! TO STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, IT WAS A PERSONAL CHALLENGE, FOR MEMBERS OF HIS OWN STAFF HAD MET WITH DEATH WHILE COVERING THE STORY! AND STEVE WELL REALIZED THAT MORE MIGHT DIE UNLESS HE COULD QUICKLY SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF...
"MYSTERY MANSION!"

IN BIG TOWN'S BUS TERMINAL, STEVE WILSON PLACES AN URGENT CALL TO HIS PAPER...
HAVE MORGAN HOLD UP THE FIVE STAR FINAL, LORELEI.' INSPECTOR CALLAHAN IS MOVING IN ON THREE SUSPECTS OF THE MILLION DOLLAR ARMORED CAR HOLD-UP.' IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A SCOOP-- HANG ON...
BUT AS THE DYNAMIC NEWSMAN LEAVES THE PHONE...
THE CROOKS ARE MAKING A BREAK.'
DON'T SHOOT, KENNY.' THAT BUS IS PACKED WITH WOMEN AND CHILDREN.'
I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN STOP THEM.'
AS THE BUS SPEEDS DOWN THE RAMP TO THE STREET LEVEL...
CAREFUL, STEVE.'
MADE IT.'
THE QUICK-THINKING NEWSMAN CLIMBS DOWN THE BAGGAGE LADDER TO THE REAR OF THE BUS...
PLUGGING UP THIS EXHAUST PIPE SHOULD SMOTHER THE MOTOR ONLY WAY TO STOP THESE CHARACTERS WITHOUT RISKING THE LIVES OF THE PASSENGERS!
AS SOON AS THE EXHAUST FUMES CHOKE THE ENGINE AND BRING THE VEHICLE TO A STOP...
OF ALL THE LUCK, TO HAVE THE MOTOR CONK OUT ON US... HEY.'
THE POLICE WANT A FEW WORDS WITH YOU CROOKS.'

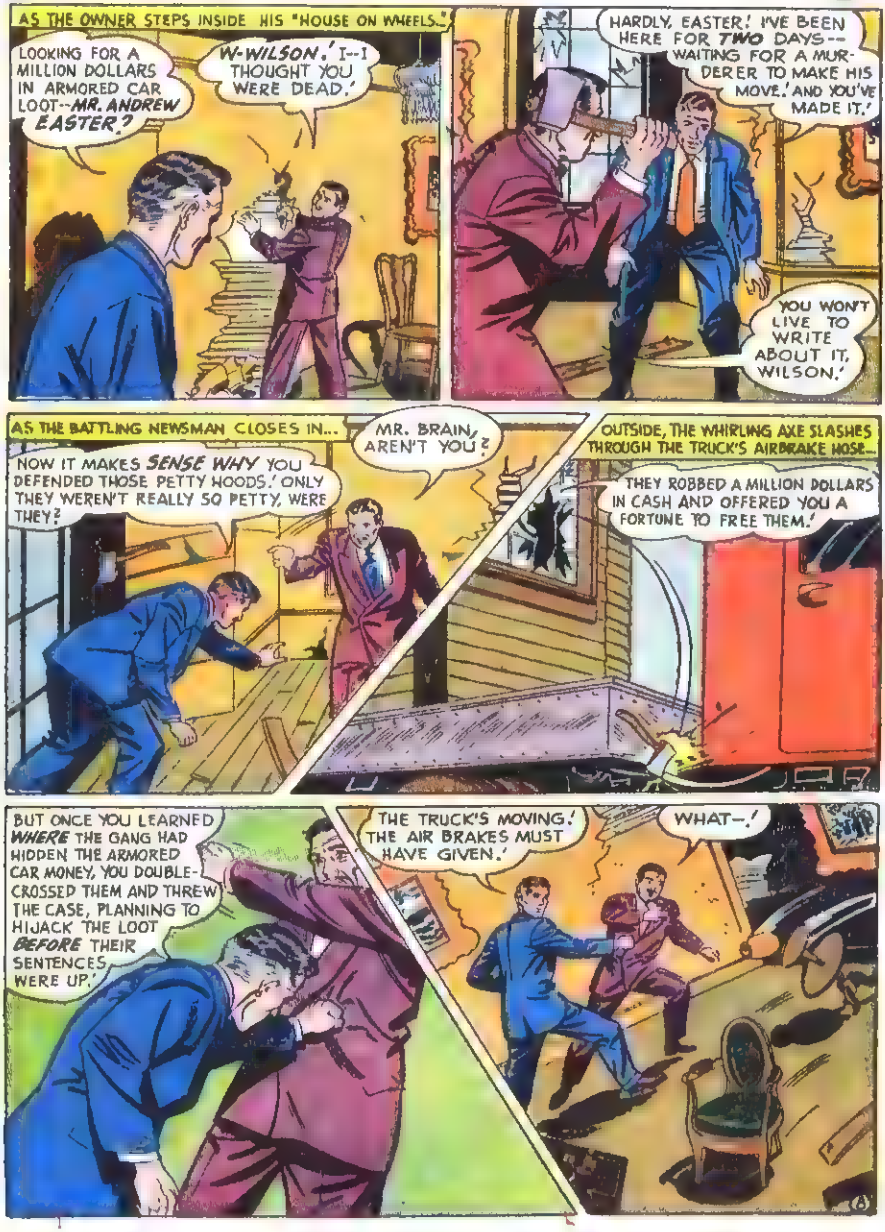
AS STEVE BATTLES THE GUNMEN...
GOOD BOY, STEVE.' NOW MAYBE WE'LL SOLVE THAT MILLION DOLLAR ARMORED CAR THEFT.'
BUT, WHEN INSPECTOR CALLAHAN SEARCHES FOR THE MUCH NEEDED EVIDENCE..
CLOTHING--AND WEAPONS.' BUT NOT A CENT,' EVEN THOUGH EVERY CLUE LED TO THESE HOODS BEING BEHIND THE ARMORED CAR JOB.'
WE'VE EITHER GOT THE WRONG GANG OR THEY'VE OUTSMARTED US.'
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, STEVE AND INSPECTOR CALLAHAN WATCH AS BIG TOWN'S SHREWDEST DEFENSE ATTORNEY DEFENDS THE TRIO...
...THREE MEN LED ASTRAY BY THE TRAGEDY OF THEIR ENVIRONMENT...
A CLEVER SPEAKER--BUT HE'LL NEVER GET AN ACQUITTAL FOR THOSE HOODS.' I THOUGHT EASTER WAS TOO SMART TO HANDLE A HOPELESS CASE LIKE THIS.'
WHEN THE VERDICT IS RENDERED...
...AND SO YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO SERVE NOT LESS THAN ONE NOR MORE THAN THREE YEARS IN BIG TOWN PRISON.'
THE GREAT ANDREW EASTER LOSES HIS FIRST CASE PROTECTING THREE PETTY HOODS--ODD HE'D RISK HIS REPUTATION ON SUCH A DEAL!
AS REPORTERS FLOCK ABOUT THE CELEBRATED ATTORNEY...
HOW'S IT FEEL TO LOSE YOUR FIRST CASE, MR. EASTER?
NO STATEMENT.' I'M GOING AWAY FOR A LONG REST, BOYS.' LOSING THIS CASE HAS UPSET ME TREMENDOUSLY.'
STEVE...
LORELEI DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO STEVE...
J.J. LINDQUIST, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE, HAS DIED IN CUBA.' WE JUST GOT THE FLASH.'
THAT MEANS AT LAST BIG TOWN CAN GET RID OF HIS DILAPIDATED OLD HOUSE, BIG TOWN'S BIGGEST EYESORE, WHICH HE REFUSED TO SELL AT ANY PRICE.' GLAD YOU CAME, LORELEI.' WE CAN MAKE A FRONT PAGE STORY OUT OF THAT.' LET'S RIDE BY THE PLACE.'

MINUTES LATER, STEVE AND LORELEI STOP BEFORE AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE IN THE HEART OF THE MODERN CITY...
WHAT AN OLD RELIC! LINDQUIST WAS CERTAINLY STUBBORN ABOUT REFUSING TO SELL THIS PROPERTY TO THE CITY.
WELL, THE CITY CAN PUT UP A MODERN BUILDING HERE NOW! THE LAW STATES THAT UPON LINDQUIST'S DEATH HIS ESTATE MUST SELL! THE CITY WILL BUY, OF COURSE!
I'LL HAVE ED KEATON RUN DOWN AND SHOOT SOME PICTURES FOR THE MORNING EDITION! THE CITIZENS HAVE BEEN COMPLAINING ABOUT THIS EYESORE FOR YEARS! THEY'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR IT WILL BE TORN DOWN!
THAT EVENING, NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER ED KEATON "SHOOTS" THE DESOLATE HOUSE...
GUESS I'VE GOT ENOUGH SHOTS! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! GIVES ME THE SHAKES...
SHORTLY, AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER STARTS BACK TO THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUILDING...
NO CAB IN SIGHT-- I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT BUS!
BUS STOP
SUDDENLY...
ESSEX AVENUE
HELP! STOP THE BUS!
AHH...
MOMENTS LATER...
I--I SAW HIM FALL! HE--HE MUST HAVE GROWN FAINT AND--
4

EARLY THAT MORNING, THE ACE NEWSMAN RECEIVES THE SHOCKING NEWS...
TAKE IT EASY, STEVE.'
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, LORELEI.' ED SURELY WOULDN'T HAVE GONE TO TAKE PHOTOS WITHOUT HIS CAMERA--YET IT WASN'T WITH HIM.' IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE..
STEVE, IT'S JUST AFTER SIX.' I COULD GO TO THE LINDQUIST HOUSE-- SNAP A FEW SHOTS- AND BE BACK IN TIME FOR THE AFTER NOON EDITION.'
HUH... OH, ALL RIGHT, WILLIAMS.' I GUESS KEATON WOULD WANT US TO FINISH THE JOB HE STARTED.'
LATE THAT MORNING...
WONDER WHAT'S KEPT WILLIAMS, STEVE? SHOULDN'T HE HAVE TURNED IN HIS STUFF ON THE LINDQUIST HOUSE BY NOW?
HE PROBABLY UNCOVERED A GOOD HUMAN INTEREST ANGLE AND HE'S FOLLOWING IT UP! SAY...THAT MIGHT BE HIM CALLING NOW.'
RRRING
HELLO, STEVE... I'M DOWN AT PIER 17... YOU'D BETTER COME RIGHT DOWN.' A PHOTOGRAPHER OF YOURS, WILLIAMS, IS DEAD.'
WHAT--? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.'
SHORTLY, AT PIER 17...
YES...THAT'S WILLIAMS' CAR ALL RIGHT! ANYONE SEE IT HAPPEN?
NO, STEVE! THE BRAKES MIGHT HAVE GONE...
WHEN TWO OF MY BEST MEN DIE WHILE ON THE SAME STORY- IT MUST BE MORE THAN JUST A COINCIDENCE.' I'M GOING TO CHECK--
THESE DEATHS HAVE SHAKEN HIM BADLY.' GUESS IT'S BEST TO LET HIM WORK IT OFF ALONE...
PIER 16-17
5

MOMENTS LATER, IN HARRY'S CAB...
WHERE TO, MR. WILSON?
THE LINDQUIST HOUSE, HARRY.' THAT SEEMS TO BE THE STARTING POINT OF ALL THIS TROUBLE.'
AT CITY SQUARE...
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WE'VE JUST CONTRACTED TO MOVE THE LINDQUIST HOME-- LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL.' SEEMS SOME CRACKPOT IS WILLING TO PAY A FORTUNE TO PRESERVE THE JOINT.'
THIS ISN'T MAKING SENSE.' WHY WOULD ANYONE SPEND A FORTUNE TRANSPORTING A RUN-DOWN HOUSE WHEN THEY COULD BUILD A NEW ONE FOR THAT PRICE?
HARRY,' TAKE ME OVER TO MAIN STREET.' I WANT TO SEE TOM BRIDGES, THE BUSINESS AGENT, WHO HANDLES THIS PROPERTY FOR THE LINDQUISTS.'
RIGHT, MR. WILSON.'
IN THE REAL ESTATE AGENT'S BUSINESS OFFICE...
STEVE WILSON.'
THAT'S RIGHT, BRIDGES,' AND MY BUSINESS IS URGENT.' YOU HANDLED THE SALE OF LINDQUIST'S OLD HOUSE TODAY.' WHO WAS THE PURCHASER?
I--I CAN'T TELL YOU.' BUSINESS ETHICS, WILSON.' THE PURCHASER WANTS TO KEEP IT QUIET.'
TWO OF MY MEN HAVE DIED COVERING A STORY ON THE LINDQUIST HOUSE, BRIDGES.' THE ONLY LEAD I'VE GOT TO GO ON IS THE NAME OF THAT PURCHASER - PLEASE LET ME HAVE IT.' WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?
6

SUDDENLY...
G-GET OUT OF HERE, WILSON! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!
CRASH
YOU ACT AS IF YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BRIDGES! WHAT'S BEHIND THESE KILLINGS? TALK--!
I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THEM! IT'S--
SUDDENLY...FROM THE DOORWAY... A HAIL OF SHOTS...
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
AS THE DAZED NEWSMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
JUST NICKED MY HEAD... BUT BRIDGES WAS KILLED... JUST WHEN HE WAS GOING TO TELL ME SOMETHING! THERE'S A KILLER LOOSE IN BIG TOWN... AND I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!
FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER, IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
BUT, MR. McGRATH, IT'S BEEN TWO DAYS SINCE WE FOUND BRIDGES' BODY, AFTER A MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL TO THE POLICE! HARRY DROVE STEVE THERE-- WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM?
STEADY, LORELEI! CALLAHAN'S TURNING THE TOWN INSIDE OUT TO FIND STEVE!
MEANWHILE, ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY OUT OF BIG TOWN...
I'M MR. BARNES, THE NEW OWNER OF THE LINDQUIST HOUSE! I'M GOING INSIDE TO LOOK AROUND AND SEE HOW IT'S TAKING THE RIDE!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, MR. BARNES! WE'RE JUST GOING TO LEAVE IT ON THE TRAILER TONIGHT AND START SETTING HER UP ON THE FOUNDATION TOMORROW!
7


AS THE OWNER STEPS INSIDE HIS "HOUSE ON WHEELS"...
LOOKING FOR A MILLION DOLLARS IN ARMORED CAR LOOT--MR. ANDREW EASTER?
W-WILSON.' I--I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.'
HARDLY, EASTER! I'VE BEEN HERE FOR TWO DAYS--WAITING FOR A MURDERER TO MAKE HIS MOVE.' AND YOU'VE MADE IT.'
YOU WON'T LIVE TO WRITE ABOUT IT, WILSON.'
AS THE BATTLING NEWSMAN CLOSES IN...
MR. BRAIN, AREN'T YOU?
NOW IT MAKES SENSE WHY YOU DEFENDED THOSE PETTY HOODS.' ONLY THEY WEREN'T REALLY SO PETTY, WERE THEY?
OUTSIDE, THE WHIRLING AXE SLASHES THROUGH THE TRUCK'S AIRBRAKE HOSE...
THEY ROBBED A MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH AND OFFERED YOU A FORTUNE TO FREE THEM.'
BUT ONCE YOU LEARNED WHERE THE GANG HAD HIDDEN THE ARMORED CAR MONEY, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM AND THREW THE CASE, PLANNING TO HIJACK THE LOOT BEFORE THEIR SENTENCES WERE UP.'
THE TRUCK'S MOVING! THE AIR BRAKES MUST HAVE GIVEN.'
WHAT--!

THE PLUMMETING TRAILER-AND-CAB GATHERS TREMENDOUS SPEED AS IT THUNDERS DOWN THE HILLSIDE...
WHILE INSIDE...
WE'LL BE SMASHED TO BITS.'
LET GO, YOU FOOL.' WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.' IN A MOMENT IT WILL BE TOO LATE.'
NO TIME TO ARGUE! COME ON!
I--I'M STAYING.'
THAT LEDGE WILL FINISH US--CAN'T WAIT FOR A SOFT LANDING SPOT.' WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP FOR IT.'
I--I WON'T.'
STEVE WRENCHES THE COWERING EASTER INTO SPACE...
THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, EASTER.'
YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING, YOU FOOL.'
9

A MOMENT LATER, AS THE JUGGERNAUT HITS SOLID ROCK...
THE MONEY! IT WAS IN THE CHIMNEY!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TIME TO SPEND IT ANYWAY, EASTER. NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING.
INFURIATED AT STEVE, EASTER LUNGES AND...
I--I COULD HAVE HAD A MILLION DOLLARS IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!
FIGURING ON TAKING CARE OF ME JUST LIKE YOU DID MY TWO PHOTOGRAPHERS, EASTER?
MEDDLING FOOL! JUST LIKE--AHH!
WE'RE NEWSPAPERMEN! WE'RE INTERESTED IN LEARNING THE TRUTH! WHY DID YOU KILL THEM?
10
SWIFTLY, STEVE GRABS THE COWED KILLER...
THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHER GOT A PICTURE OF ME IN THE HOUSE--SO I TRAILED HIM TO THE BUS-STOP AND...
...AND PUSHED HIM IN FRONT OF THE BUS! THEN WHEN WILLIAMS ARRIVED, YOU TAMPERED WITH HIS CAR BRAKES TO MAKE SURE HE WOULDN'T RETURN WITH PHOTOS OF YOU!
WHEEEEOOO
AFTER STEVE EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...
THERE'S STILL ONE THING THAT PUZZLES ME, STEVE! HOW DID TOM BRIDGES, THE REAL ESTATE AGENT, FIT INTO THIS?
EASTER COULDN'T LET IT BE KNOWN HE WAS PURCHASING THE HOUSE! THEREFORE, HE BRIBED BRIDGES TO FRONT FOR HIM! HE SHOT HIM WHEN HE THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY TO ME! WELL, INSPECTOR, I'D BETTER GET MY STORY INTO PRINT--IT'S A BIG ONE!
POLIC
THE END
18

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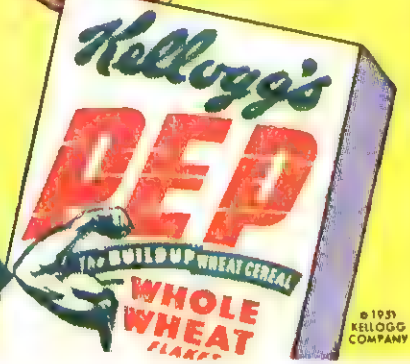

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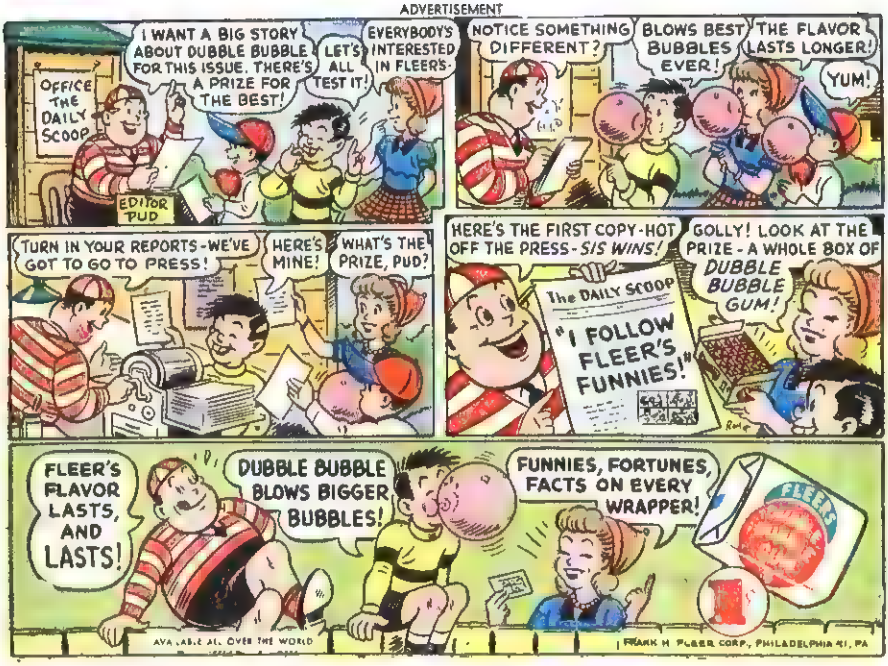
I WANT A BIG STORY ABOUT DUBBLE BUBBLE FOR THIS ISSUE. THERE'S A PRIZE FOR THE BEST!
LET'S ALL TEST IT!
EVERYBODY'S INTERESTED IN FLEERS.
OFFICE THE DAILY SCOOP
EDITOR PUD
NOTICE SOMETHING DIFFERENT?
BLOWS BEST BUBBLES EVER!
THE FLAVOR LASTS LONGER!
YUM!
TURN IN YOUR REPORTS - WE'VE GOT TO GO TO PRESS!
HERE'S MINE!
WHAT'S THE PRIZE, PUD?
HERE'S THE FIRST COPY - HOT OFF THE PRESS - SIS WINS!
The DAILY SCOOP
"I FOLLOW FLEER'S FUNNIES!"
GOLLY! LOOK AT THE PRIZE - A WHOLE BOX OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
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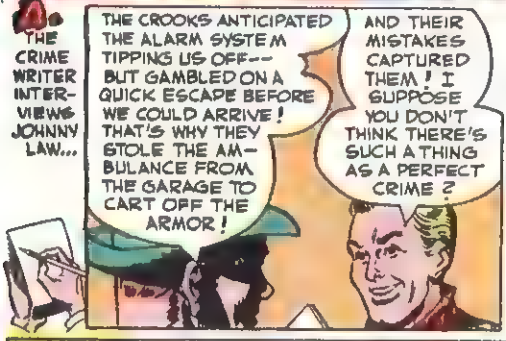
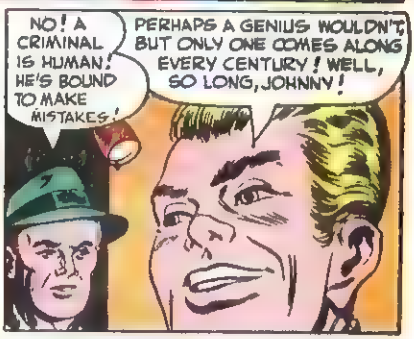
Johnny Law
HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE
FOOLED YUH, JOHNNY LAW!
HE'S NOT HIDING IN HERE!
FULL ARMOUR WELSH 1500-1588
FULL ARMOUR ENGLISH 1500-1550
WHEN JOHNNY LAW, ACE HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE, FINISHED A SENSATIONAL ROUNDUP OF CRIMINALS, THE CITY SUNG HIS PRAISES--BUT THEN A TAUNTING FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE UNDERWORLD SHADOWS AND TURNED JOHNNY'S CHEERS INTO JEERS... CITY OFFICIALS AND PUBLIC ALIKE WAITED WITH BATED BREATHS AS THE FIGHTING DETECTIVE TACKLED HIS STRANGEST CAGE OF ALL, IN...
Johnny Law
VS
JOHNNY LAWLESS

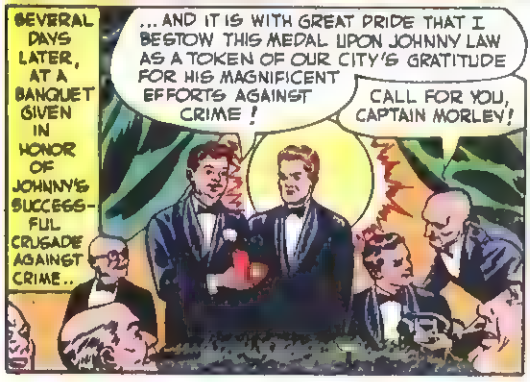
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, A CONFERENCE BETWEEN JOHNNY LAW AND CAPT. MORLEY IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED WHEN...
CAPTAIN! BURGLAR ALARM SEVEN AT THE WINSTON ART MUSEUM HAS JUST GONE OFF!
NUMBER SEVEN! THAT'S THE ALARM INSTALLED FOR THAT PRICELESS SUIT OF ARMOR! GET GOING, JOHNNY!
RIGHT!
AS A POLICE CAR SPEEDS THE HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE ACROSS TOWN...
STUDYING THE BLUEPRINT OF THE MUSEUM, LAW?
YES, THOSE ARMOR SUITS ARE HEAVY, MULLINS--AND BULKY! ANY CROOK BENT ON STEALING ONE WOULD HAVE TO FOLLOW A PLAN PRETTY CLOSELY TO ESCAPE! SAY, THIS RAMP AT THE REAR OF THE MUSEUM WOULD MAKE A CONVENIENT EXIT FOR SOMETHING HEAVY-- LET'S TRY IT!
MOMENTS LATER...
WE HIT THE JACKPOT, MULLINS! BLOCK THE DRIVEWAY WITH THE SQUAD CAR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BIRD IN THE AMBULANCE!
OKAY!
AS THE DRIVER DESPERATELY TRIES TO START THE ENGINE, JOHNNY SWINGS OPEN THE AMBULANCE DOOR AND...
MIND STEPPING OUTSIDE? I'D LIKE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU...
GET AWAY, COPPER, BEFORE I BLAST YUH!
PLUG THIS FLATFOOT-- QUICK--
A PLEASURE!
WHIRLING ABOUT, THE ALERT DETECTIVE FIRES FIRST...
YOUR PLEASURE'S OVER!
YEOWW! MY HAND!
BLAM!
2

AFTER THE THUGS HAVE BEEN SUBDUED...
AN EXPENSIVE PRIZE, MULLINS! OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF HISTORY WRAPPED UP IN THAT MEDIEVAL COSTUME!
GUESS WE'D BETTER PUT IT BACK IN THE MUSEUM!

INSIDE THE MUSEUM...
HERB HARRISON--THE CRIME WRITER! YOU CERTAINLY GET AROUND QUICKLY!
WELL, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN, JOHNNY! THIS MAKES THE SIXTH CRIME YOU'VE SOLVED IN LESS THAN THREE MONTHS! MY PUBLISHER THINKS IT'S WORTH A STORY IN OUR MAGAZINE! AND SO DO I!


THE CRIME WRITER INTERVIEWS JOHNNY LAW...
THE CROOKS ANTICIPATED THE ALARM SYSTEM TIPPING US OFF--BUT GAMBLED ON A QUICK ESCAPE BEFORE WE COULD ARRIVE! THAT'S WHY THEY STOLE THE AMBULANCE FROM THE GARAGE TO CART OFF THE ARMOR!
AND THEIR MISTAKES CAPTURED THEM! I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S SUCH A THING AS A PERFECT CRIME?

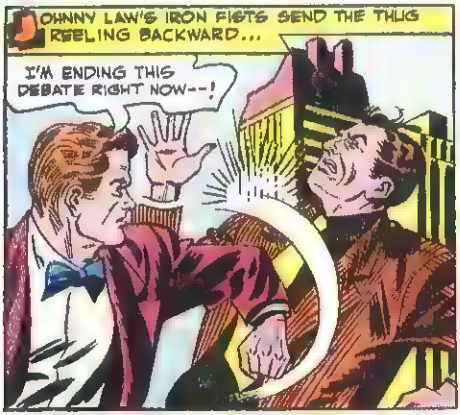

NO! A CRIMINAL IS HUMAN! HE'S BOUND TO MAKE MISTAKES!
PERHAPS A GENIUS WOULDN'T, BUT ONLY ONE COMES ALONG EVERY CENTURY! WELL, SO LONG, JOHNNY!

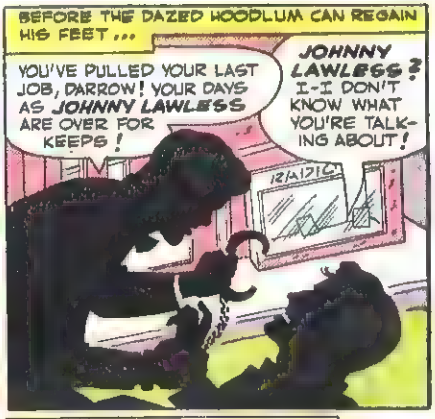

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AT A BANQUET GIVEN IN HONOR OF JOHNNY'S SUCCESSFUL CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME..
...AND IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE THAT I BESTOW THIS MEDAL UPON JOHNNY LAW AS A TOKEN OF OUR CITY'S GRATITUDE FOR HIS MAGNIFICENT EFFORTS AGAINST CRIME!
CALL FOR YOU, CAPTAIN MORLEY!

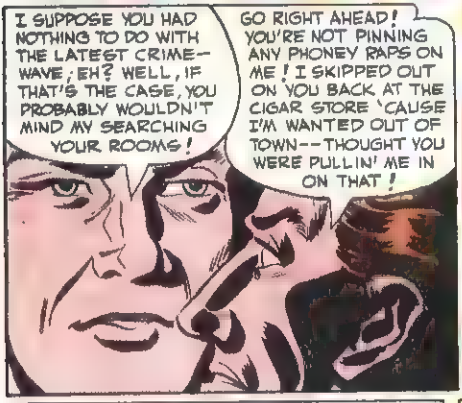
JOHNNY! THE CARLTON CURIO SHOP WHERE YOU GRABBED THAT CROOK LAST MONTH HAS BEEN ROBBED!
I'LL GET RIGHT ON THE CASE, CAPTAIN!

PRESENTLY... AT THE LOOTED STORE ...
I-I WENT TO LUNCH AT MY USUAL TIME--3:30 TO 4:30! WHEN I RETURNED--THE SHOP WAS RANSACKED AND I FOUND THIS CARD ON MY DESK!
HM-M-M-...WE TRIPPED UP THE FIRST CROOK BECAUSE HE DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD LUNCH AT AN ODD HOUR! OBVIOUSLY THIS ONE KNEW THE CORRECT TIME AND MADE SURE HE WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT INSIDE AT NOONTIME!
JOHNNY IS STUNNED AS HE READS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE CARD...
You're too late, JOHNNY LAW!
Johnny Lawless
JOHNNY LAWLESS! WELL, AT LEAST THERE'S ONE THING WE KNOW ABOUT THE THIEF--HE'S GOT AN ODD SENSE OF HUMOR!
AS THE MASTER DETECTIVE SEARCHES FOR CLUES..
HMM...AN ASH FROM A CIGAR! DO YOU SMOKE THEM, MR. CARLTON?
CAN'T STAND THEIR SMELL!
AS THE DAYS PASS...A MYSTERIOUS WAVE OF CRIME SWEEPS OVER THE CITY ...
JOHNNY LAWLESS
Johnny Lawless
AND IN CAPTAIN MORLEY'S OFFICE ...
JOHNNY LAWLESS! THAT CROOK IS MAKING A LAUGHINGSTOCK OF US! HE'S REPEATING EVERY CRIME YOU BROKE UP IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS--BUT SUCCESSFULLY THIS TIME!
HE'S SHREWD, CAPTAIN! BUT HE'S LEFT ENOUGH CLUES TO FORM A COMPOSITE PICTURE--AND MAYBE EVEN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HE'S HIDING IN!
WE KNOW OUR MAN SMOKES CIGARS--AND FOOTPRINTS NEAR THE CRIMES INDICATE HE'S OVER SIX FEET TALL! THIS BOOK OF MATCHES COMES FROM THE MEEHAN CIGAR STORE AT THE DOCKS, AND SHOWS US FROM THE WAY THE MATCHES ARE PULLED OUT THAT THE THIEF IS LEFT-HANDED!
MEEHAN'S CIGARS
GOOD! CHECK THE DISTRICT, JOHNNY!
4

HOURS LATER, AS JOHNNY WAITS OUTSIDE THE MEEHAN CIGAR STORE ...
THAT MAN'S EDDIE DARROW--A WANTED CHARACTER FROM OUT OF TOWN! HE'S LEFT-HANDED, SMOKES CIGARS--FITS OUR CLUES TO A HAIR! BETTER GRAB HIM ON SUSPICION! I'LL COVER YOU!
RIGHT, JOHNNY!
BUT AS THE OFFICER APPROACHES DARROW...
WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU, DARROW!
NOT TODAY, FLAT-FOOT!
CANDY
GET THE BOYS TO ROPE OFF THIS AREA, MULLINS! I'LL KEEP ON DARROW'S TAIL!
OUT THROUGH A REAR DOOR AND INTO THE STREET, THE FUGITIVE DARTS, HEADING TOWARD AN APPROACHING TROLLEY CAR...
WHAT'S THAT CRAZY FOOL UP TO? HE HASN'T A CHANCE OF BREAKING OUT OF THIS DISTRICT!
AS DARROW CLIMBS UP TO THE TROLLEY ROOF...
SOME OF THE THINGS A DETECTIVE HAS TO GO THROUGH TO NAB THESE BRAINLESS WONDERS! OKAY, DARROW! LET'S SEE HOW FAR YOU GET WITHOUT ANY POWER!
WHEN JOHNNY CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE TROLLEY...
END OF THE LINE, DARROW--!
FOR YOU, FLATFOOT--NOT ME!
5

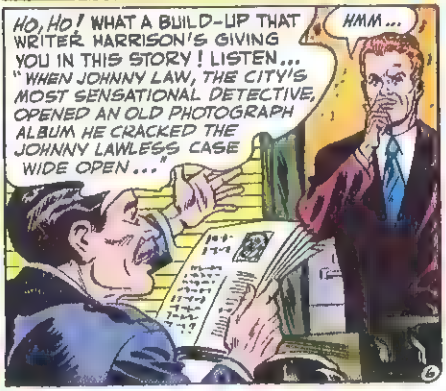

JOHNNY LAW'S IRON FISTS SEND THE THUG REELING BACKWARD...
I'M ENDING THIS DEBATE RIGHT NOW--!


BEFORE THE DAZED HOODLUM CAN REGAIN HIS FEET...
YOU'VE PULLED YOUR LAST JOB, DARROW! YOUR DAYS AS JOHNNY LAWLESS ARE OVER FOR KEEPS!
JOHNNY LAWLESS? I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!


I SUPPOSE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE LATEST CRIME-WAVE, EH? WELL, IF THAT'S THE CASE, YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T MIND MY SEARCHING YOUR ROOMS!
GO RIGHT AHEAD! YOU'RE NOT PINNING ANY PHONEY RAPS ON ME! I SKIPPED OUT ON YOU BACK AT THE CIGAR STORE 'CAUSE I'M WANTED OUT OF TOWN--THOUGHT YOU WERE PULLIN' ME IN ON THAT!

AT DARROW'S ROOM, SHORTLY...
THE CALLING CARDS OF JOHNNY LAWLESS HIDDEN IN A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM!

AND HIDDEN IN YOUR SHOE--LOOT FROM THE CARLTON CURIO SHOP! CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS, DARROW?
I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THOSE THINGS! H-HONEST...


SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT HEADQUARTERS...
HO, HO! WHAT A BUILD-UP THAT WRITER HARRISON'S GIVING YOU IN THIS STORY! LISTEN... "WHEN JOHNNY LAW, THE CITY'S MOST SENSATIONAL DETECTIVE, OPENED AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM HE CRACKED THE JOHNNY LAWLESS CASE WIDE OPEN..."
HMM...

I NOTICE THE STORY DOESN'T SAY A WORD ABOUT WHEN THE HERO DETECTIVES GOING TO FIND ALL THE OTHER STOLEN LOOT! IF DARROW'S GUILTY, HE'S GOT TO HAVE IT HIDDEN SOMEWHERE!
CAPTAIN, I'D LIKE DARROW RELEASED IN MY CUSTODY! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT MAKE HIM LEAD ME TO THE STOLEN GOODS!
THAT EVENING NEAR THE DOCKS...
I'M GOING TO TAKE DARROW THROUGH EVERY WAREHOUSE HE EVER WORKED IN! MY HUNCH IS HE HID THE STUFF IN ONE OF THEM!
MAYBE SO, JOHNNY! BUT- MAKING HIM SPILL JUST WHERE IS GOING TO BE TOUGH!
SUDDENLY...
HE'S MAKING A BREAK! LOOK OUT!
OOPS! SORRY- TRIPPED!
HOTEL
NEXT DAY, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SEARCH FOR THE ESCAPED THUG...
HARRISON'S HERE TO WRITE HOW YOU FAILED, JOHNNY! FIRST YOU CLEVERLY TRAP OUR MAN, NOW YOU LET HIM SLIP OUT OF YOUR HANDS!
WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET, CAPTAIN! JOHNNY LAWLESS IS OUT TO DISCREDIT ME AND THE POLICE FORCE!
MY GUESS IS HE'LL TRY TO SHOW HIS SKILL BY PULLING ANOTHER THEFT WHERE I'VE ALREADY CAUGHT A CROOK--JUST AS HE HAS IN THE PAST! THERE ARE THREE SPOTS HE HASN'T HIT! ATKINS FUR STORAGE, THE RAND FIRE ARMS COMPANY, AND THE MUSEUM...
HE WOULDN'T TRY THE MUSEUM--IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! BUT IF I COULD HAVE SOME MEN TO WATCH THOSE OTHER TWO SPOTS...?
TAKE ALL THE MEN YOU NEED--BUT GET THAT CROOK BACK!
HOURS LATER AS DARKNESS SETTLES OVER THE WINSTON MUSEUM...
JOHNNY LAW WILL BE THE JOKE OF THE CITY AFTER THIS JOB! HA HA, IF HE COULD ONLY SEE ME NOW!

KILLFULLY THE FIGURE WORKS THE POWERFUL HOIST USED BY THE MUSEUM TO STORE HEAVY RELICS IN THE UPPER FLOOR ...

I KNEW IT... NO ALARM WILL GO OFF UNLESS SOMEBODY ENTERS ALONG THE FLOOR OF THE MUSEUM! ***JOHNNY LAWLESS*** HAS ONCE AGAIN OUTSMARTED JOHNNY LAW! *WHEW*... SURE IS HEAVIER THAN I FIGURED...

THEN...

I'LL JUST DISMANTLE IT PIECE BY PIECE AND... ***YEOWW!--JOHNNY LAW!*** B-BUT HOW—?

YOU MADE A JUMBO-SIZED BLUNDER, HARRISON! YOUR STORY TOLD OF ME FINDING THE CALLING CARDS IN AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM! I DID! BUT ONLY THE PERSON WHO PLACED THE CARDS THERE COULD KNOW IT--

BANG!

...BECAUSE I WANTED TO SAVE DARROW'S FAMILY UNNECESSARY SHAME, I DIDN'T MENTION THE ALBUM TO ANYONE! SO YOU SEE THERE REALLY ***CAN'T*** BE A PERFECT CRIME!

LATER...

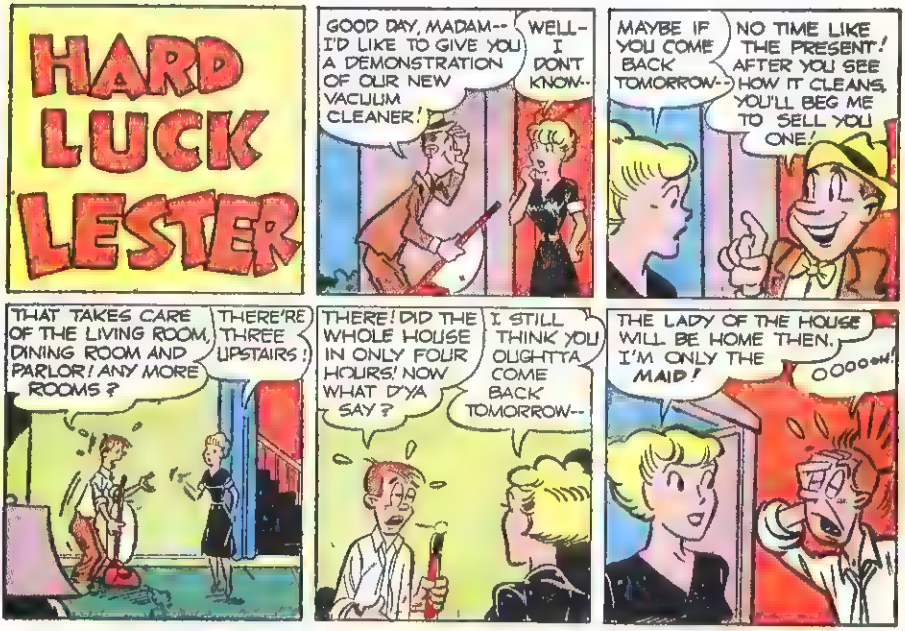
SORRY I HAD TO FOOL YOU ABOUT DARROW'S ESCAPE, CAPTAIN! BUT HARRISON HAD A TRIGGER-SHARP EYE! I COULDN'T CHANCE LETTING HIM SUSPECT I WAS BAITING A TRAP FOR HIM!

SO YOU REALLY RECAPTURED DARROW AND KEPT HIM SAFELY LOCKED UP WHILE YOU TRIED THIS SCHEME!

HARRISON WAS CLEVER ALL RIGHT--FRAMING A WANTED MAN MUCH BIGGER THAN HIMSELF--WITH BUI'T-UP SHOES, CIGARS, AND PLANTED CALLING CARDS!

BUT NO MATTER HOW CLEVER THEY ARE, IN THE END, THEY ALWAYS TRAP THEMSELVES!

THE END


HARD LUCK LESTER
GOOD DAY, MADAM-- I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF OUR NEW VACUUM CLEANER!
WELL-- I DON'T KNOW--
MAYBE IF YOU COME BACK TOMORROW--
NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT! AFTER YOU SEE HOW IT CLEANS, YOU'LL BEG ME TO SELL YOU ONE!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE LIVING ROOM, DINING ROOM AND PARLOR! ANY MORE ROOMS?
THERE'RE THREE UPSTAIRS!
THERE! DID THE WHOLE HOUSE IN ONLY FOUR HOURS! NOW WHAT D'YA SAY?
I STILL THINK YOU OUGHTTA COME BACK TOMORROW--
THE LADY OF THE HOUSE WILL BE HOME THEN. I'M ONLY THE MAID!
OOOOOH!

ADVERTISEMENT

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TOMAHAWK!

SYMBOL OF THE RESTLESS FRONTIER... THE STRUGGLE OF OUR FATHERS AGAINST IMPLACABLE NATURE — AND AGAINST EVIL MEN, WHITE AND RED, WHO STROVE TO STEM THE TIDE OF CIVILIZATION!

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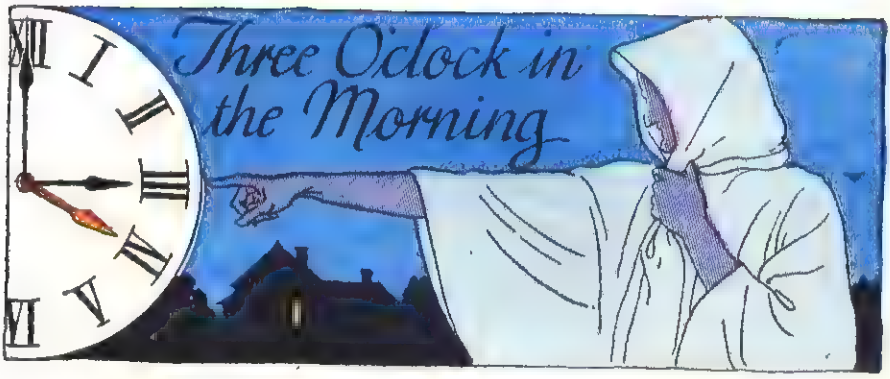


SARAH DIGBY let herself into old Mr. Warren's house promptly at eight o'clock, as she had every morning for the last six years since she had been his part-time maid. He was a peculiar old gentleman, living off in the country by himself, hardly seeing anyone from one week to the next.

The house seemed especially quiet, and for some reason Miss Digby felt uneasy. She hung up her coat, and started to walk down the long hall to the kitchen when something caught her eye. The sliding doors to the parlor were open, and a lace curtain was fluttering in the morning breeze. Mr. Warren had left the window open all night!

"Why didn't he leave the front door open too," she scolded under her breath, "and send invitations to all the hoodlums in the county?" She stepped quickly into the room, but suddenly stopped short, the look of annoyance on her face changing to horror.

Miss Digby ran back to the hall, picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello, hello," she repeated frantically, "is this the police? I—I want to report a murder! Someone's killed Mr. Warren!" She listened for a moment, and nodded her head. "That's right, I'm Miss Digby, Mr. Warren's maid, and I'm out at his house now, all alone. . . . No, I won't touch anything," she continued, "and I won't stay in this house another instant! I'll wait for you down at the road!"

Ten minutes later, Lieutenant Deely, accompanied by Sergeant Brooks and the frightened maid, strode up the front steps. "He's in there," Sarah Digby said, pointing to the parlor. "Now if you don't mind, I'm going to make myself a cup of tea."

The two men walked over to the fireplace where Mr. Warren's crumpled body lay. "Looks as if that poker was the murder weapon, Lieutenant!" murmured Brooks. "I think the next thing to do is send for the coroner and the lab boys," the Lieutenant answered. "I'll question the maid while you get busy on the phone."

He found Miss Digby in the kitchen, nervously sipping her tea. "Now can you tell me, ma'am," he began reassuringly, "when did you last see Mr. Warren alive? Was he alone?"

"I left here at about ten o'clock last night," she answered, trying to control the quaver in her voice, "and he was all right then. Mr. Warren had two guests for dinner, which was pretty unusual for him. It took me a while to get things tidied up, and they had started a game of cards when I said goodnight."

"Who were the men, Miss Digby?"

Deely prodded gently. "Oh, just Mr. Rogers who lives down the road, and Mr. Warren's nephew from the city. Neither of them would have done such a terrible thing!" she exclaimed. "I found a window open this morning. Someone probably tried to break in, and killed poor Mr. Warren when he tried to stop him."

"We'll check that possibility," Lieutenant Deely answered patiently, "but in the meantime may I have the nephew's name and address so we can question him?"

Two hours later, the photographer and fingerprint men had cleared away the last traces of their work, and Lieutenant Deely was anxiously waiting for the coroner's report. Gathered in the parlor with him were Mr. Rogers, young Mr. Peter Warren, Sergeant Brooks, and a very confused Miss Digby.

"Now, folks, we're just trying to make sense out of all this," Deely began. "There's no evidence that points to theft as a motive for this murder. I've listened to your stories, and you all say that Mr. Warren was alive when you last saw him. Let's go over the facts once more for my clarification.

"Both you gentlemen back up Miss Digby's statement that she left at ten o'clock, and her sister says she got home at ten-fifteen and didn't come back here till this morning. Mr. Rogers, you and young Mr. Warren played cards with your host until quarter of two this morning. You left the house together, and drove off in opposite directions—you toward the city, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Rogers to his rooming house, which is ten minutes away. Your landlady verified the fact that you were home a little before two.

"It takes you an hour to get back to the city, Mr. Warren, and you say you stopped off at an all-night diner a block away from your house at three A.M." The telephone interrupted the police officer, and Sergeant Brooks, who was standing at the door, answered it. He returned in a moment and mumbled something to the Lieutenant.

Peter Warren stubbed out his cigarette and jumped to his feet. "I think this nonsense has gone far enough!" he exploded. "You can check my statement with the owner of the diner. He'll be able to tell you whether I was back at three o'clock. He's known me for years!"

Lientenant Deely smiled. "Now don't get excited, Mr. Warren. We're only trying to get the facts. By the way, can you tell me what time it is now? My watch seems to have stopped." The young man glanced at his wrist watch impatiently. "It's a few minutes after nine," he answered abruptly.

"Well now, that's very interesting, young man," Deely replied, "my watch says it's seven minutes after ten. What does yours read, Brooks?"

"Same as yours, Lieutenant!" the Sergeant nodded. "I checked it with the radio this morning."

The Lieutenant paused. "Peter Warren," he announced, "I'm arresting you on suspicion of murder." "And just how do you expect to prove it?" the young man snapped. "I don't have to," Deely answered. "You just did it for me.

"That telephone call provided the information I needed. First, the coroner's report came back and set the time of death at three A.M. this morning, which would still seem to check with your alibi. But the boys at headquarters also questioned your friend at the diner. He remembered you all right, but he said you showed up there at *four* this morning, not three. You made a fatal mistake when you forgot the clocks were set ahead one hour at two o'clock this morning, putting you at the scene of the crime at three A.M. Daylight Time, the time the coroner said your uncle met his death!"

M. Sarafianos

HEADLINE HEROES

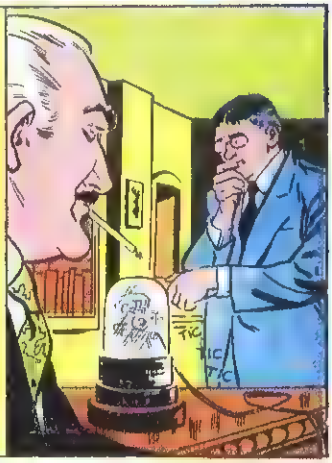
MELVILLE E. STONE

(1848 - 1929)
--AMERICAN JOURNALIST--
PIONEER REPORTER, EDITOR, AND PUBLISHER IN CHICAGO... WHO DEVOTED MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO THE NEWSPAPER GAME.

FOLLOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS IRON-FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP IN THE DISASTROUS CHICAGO FIRE OF 1871, MELVILLE STONE SHIFTED TO MUNICIPAL RELIEF WORK, TO AN EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO *REPUBLICAN*, TO POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

STONE RETURNED TO CHICAGO IN 1875, AND ESTABLISHED HIS OWN PAPER, THE *EVENING DAILY NEWS*. IT WAS SUCH A SUCCESS THAT HE WAS ABLE TO PURCHASE THE *POST* AND *MAIL* AND START ANOTHER PAPER, THE *MORNING NEWS*.

IN 1893, HE BECAME GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, A POSITION HE HELD FOR 28 YEARS. DURING THAT TIME, THE A.P. BUDGET GREW FROM $ 500,000 TO $ 600,000,000 -- AND SUPPLIED MORE THAN HALF THE NEWS ITEMS PRINTED IN THE AMERICAN PRESS.



"GOODBYE GOO!" SAYS BERT PARKS
TV STAR OF "BREAK THE BANK"

IT'S HERE! THE NEW CREAM HAIR OIL THAT'S NOT STICKY, OR GREASY! GROOMS HAIR ALL DAY LONG!
DIFFERENT BECAUSE IT'S LIGHT-BODIED.
EASIER TO CLEAN! NO STICKY HANDS, HAIR OR COMB! WASHES OFF IN PLAIN WATER!
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NEW!
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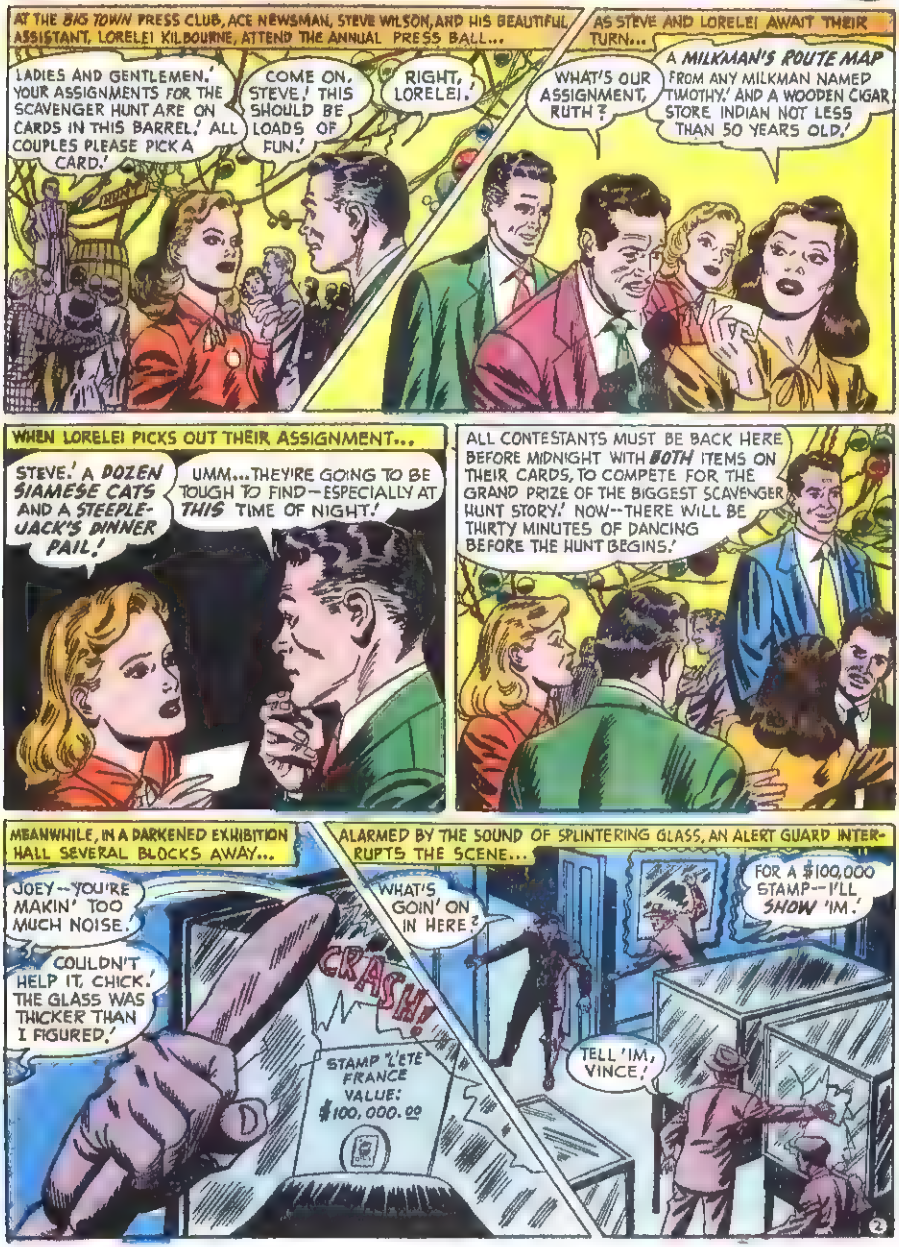
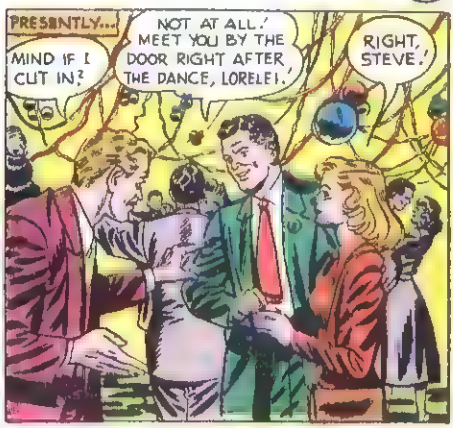
SAVE MONEY! 49¢ size EQUALS LEADING 50¢ SIZE CREAM OIL!

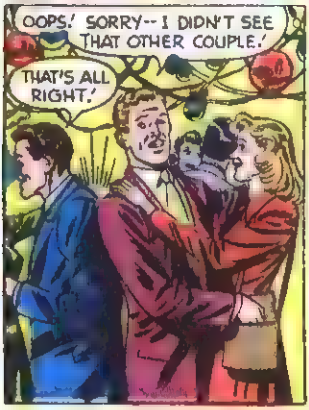
BIG TOWN
STEVE! WE'RE JUST ON A SCAVENGER PARTY HUNT. WHY HAVE WE BECOME MARKED FOR DEATH?
WHEN STRANGERS SNEAKED INTO BIG TOWN'S ANNUAL PRESS DANCE, STEVE WILSON AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, WERE SINGLED OUT TO PLAY SILENT PARTNERS IN A DANGEROUS GAME! FOR WHILE THE BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS AND HIS SCAVENGER HUNT PARTNER SOUGHT ONLY PARTY PRIZES, THE THREE KILLERS MOVED IN FROM THE SHADOWS TO DO MURDER FOR THEIR PRIZE... AND IT WAS SOON CRYSTAL CLEAR THAT ONLY ONE TEAM COULD WIN IN THIS DEADLY CONTEST BETWEEN...
Beauty AND Bullets!


AT THE BIG TOWN PRESS CLUB, ACE NEWSMAN, STEVE WILSON, AND HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE, ATTEND THE ANNUAL PRESS BALL...
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.' YOUR ASSIGNMENTS FOR THE SCAVENGER HUNT ARE ON CARDS IN THIS BARREL.' ALL COUPLES PLEASE PICK A CARD.'
COME ON, STEVE.' THIS SHOULD BE LOADS OF FUN.'
RIGHT, LORELEI.'
AS STEVE AND LORELEI AWAIT THEIR TURN...
WHAT'S OUR ASSIGNMENT, RUTH?
A MILKMAN'S ROUTE MAP FROM ANY MILKMAN NAMED TIMOTHY.' AND A WOODEN CIGAR STORE INDIAN NOT LESS THAN 50 YEARS OLD.'
WHEN LORELEI PICKS OUT THEIR ASSIGNMENT...
STEVE.' A DOZEN SIAMESE CATS AND A STEEPLE-JACK'S DINNER PAIL.'
UMM...THEY'RE GOING TO BE TOUGH TO FIND—ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT.'
ALL CONTESTANTS MUST BE BACK HERE BEFORE MIDNIGHT WITH BOTH ITEMS ON THEIR CARDS, TO COMPETE FOR THE GRAND PRIZE OF THE BIGGEST SCAVENGER HUNT STORY.' NOW--THERE WILL BE THIRTY MINUTES OF DANCING BEFORE THE HUNT BEGINS.'
MEANWHILE, IN A DARKENED EXHIBITION HALL SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...
JOEY--YOU'RE MAKIN' TOO MUCH NOISE.'
COULDN'T HELP IT, CHICK.' THE GLASS WAS THICKER THAN I FIGURED.'
ALARMED BY THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING GLASS, AN ALERT GUARD INTERRUPTS THE SCENE...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?
CRASH!
STAMP 'L'ETE FRANCE VALUE: $100,000.00
FOR A $100,000 STAMP--I'LL SHOW 'IM.'
TELL 'IM, VINCE.'
2

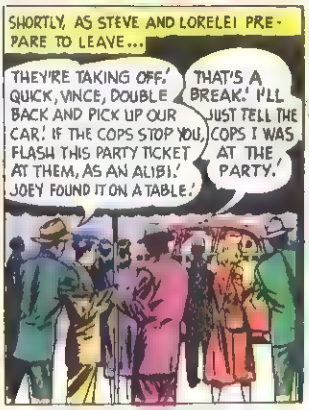
RUSHING TO THE STREET, THE GANGSTERS ARE SUDDENLY MET BY...
WORLD WIDE STAMP EXHIBIT
COPS! THAT GUARD MUSTA RUNG IN THE ALARM BEFORE WE TOOK CARE OF 'IM.'
NO CHANCE TO MAKE THE CAR NOW! C'MON--DOWN THAT ALLEY!
GOTTA SHAKE THESE COPPERS FAST.'
TAKE THE NEXT CORNER.'
BANG! BANG!
HIDING BEHIND SHRUBBERY...
LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP, SERGEANT.'
WELL, THEY WON'T GET FAR.' THE CAPTAIN HAS SET UP ROAD BLOCKS ABOUND THE WHOLE AREA! WE'LL FERRET THEM OUT.'
WHEN THE POLICE HAVE GONE...
DID YA HEAR THAT? WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE.'
THEY HAVEN'T GOT US YET.' HMM... THERE'S SOME KIND OF PARTY GOING ON OVER THERE.' LET'S TAKE A LOOK.'
AS THE HUNTED CRIMINALS SLIP AMONG THE GUESTS AT THE ANNUAL PRESS PARTY...
THIS IS A NATURAL, BOYS.' WE'LL PLANT THAT HOT STAMP ON SOMEONE HERE AT THE PARTY--TAIL 'IM WHEN HE LEAVES--AND SNATCH THE STAMP BACK WHEN HE'S PASSED THE COPS.'
YEAH.' THAT WAY WE'LL BE CLEAN IF THE COPS SHOULD SEARCH US.'

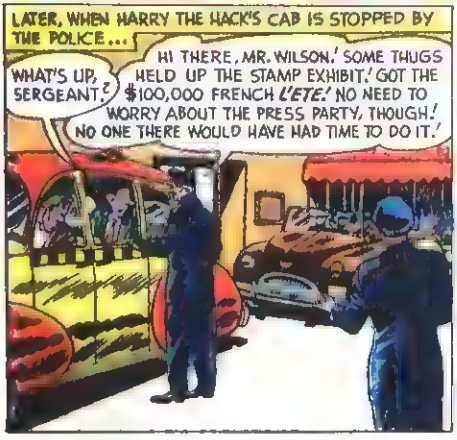
OKAY, VINCE--THIS IS YOUR JOB.' YOU'RE THE SMOOTHEST PICKPOCKET IN *BIG TOWN*.' NOW--LET'S SEE YOU WORK YOUR SPECIALTY IN REVERSE.'
LEAVE IT TO ME.'


PRESENTLY...
MIND IF I CUT IN?
NOT AT ALL.' MEET YOU BY THE DOOR RIGHT AFTER THE DANCE, LORELEI.'
RIGHT, STEVE.'


OOPS.' SORRY--I DIDN'T SEE THAT OTHER COUPLE.'
THAT'S ALL RIGHT.'

SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT--BUT THERE'S A $100,000 STAMP IN HER SHOULDER BAG.'


SHORTLY, AS STEVE AND LORELEI PREPARE TO LEAVE...
THEY'RE TAKING OFF.' QUICK, VINCE, DOUBLE BACK AND PICK UP OUR CAR.' IF THE COPS STOP YOU, FLASH THIS PARTY TICKET AT THEM, AS AN ALIBI.' JOEY FOUND IT ON A TABLE.'
THAT'S A BREAK.' I'LL JUST TELL THE COPS I WAS AT THE PARTY.'


LATER, WHEN HARRY THE HACK'S CAB IS STOPPED BY THE POLICE...
WHAT'S UP, SERGEANT?
HI THERE, MR. WILSON.' SOME THUGS HELD UP THE STAMP EXHIBIT.' GOT THE $100,000 FRENCH *L'ETE*.' NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE PRESS PARTY, THOUGH.' NO ONE THERE WOULD HAVE HAD TIME TO DO IT.'

HMMM... A $100,000 STAMP--THAT'S A HEADLINE, LORELEI.'
THERE ARE *OTHER* REPORTERS AT THE OFFICE, STEVE.' BUT *WE'RE* ON A SCAVENGER HUNT.' HARRY.' PLEASE DRIVE TO 37 LAWTON STREET.' I'VE GOT AN IDEA WHERE WE CAN PICK UP THOSE SIAMESE CATS.'

AS HARRY THE HACK WEAVES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOWNTOWN DISTRICT OF BIG TOWN...
WHO DO YOU KNOW WAY DOWN ON LAWTON STREET, LORELEI?
I ONCE DID A COLUMN ON A PET SHOP THERE, STEVE! THE PROPRIETOR WAS QUITE GRATEFUL FOR THE PLUG! I'M SURE HE'LL HELP US OUT.
GROCERY S
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN FRONT OF THE SMALL PET SHOP ON LAWTON STREET...
SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED YOU AT THIS HOUR, MR. KERNS. BUT WE'LL RETURN THE CATS WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH THEM.
QUITE ALL RIGHT! COULDN'T SLEEP ANYWAY! MIGHTY GLAD I HAD THOSE COLLARS AND LEASHES IN STOCK TO HELP YOU KEEP THESE CATS UNDER CONTROL.
ET SHOP
SUDDENLY, AS STEVE AND LORELEI WALK TOWARD HARRY'S CAB...
LOOK OUT-- YOU'LL TRIP OVER THOSE LEASHES!
UHH--!
MY GOODNESS!
TERRIBLY SORRY! THESE CATS ARE A HANDFUL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HUH? OH... YEAH-- FORGET IT. I SLIPPED.
SOON AFTER... WHEN HARRY HAS DRIVEN OFF...
OUR $100,000 STAMP IS STILL IN THAT BLONDE'S SHOULDER BAG!
HOW WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW THEY'D HAVE A DOZEN CATS WITH 'EM? STEP ON IT, JOEY-- AND DON'T LOSE 'EM.
5

AS STEVE AND LORELEI CONTINUE THEIR SCAVENGER HUNT...
THERE'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUR DINNER PAIL, LORELEI! THOSE MEN WORKING THE NIGHT SHIFT ARE BOUND TO HAVE ONE! FORTUNATELY FOR US, BIG TOWN'S BEEN WORKING OVERTIME TO DOLL UP THE BRIDGE FOR THE COMING CONVENTION.'
WONDERFUL, STEVE! LET'S GET STARTED.'
WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO UP THAT BRIDGE WITH ME.' IT'S TOO DANGEROUS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR A GIRL, LORELEI.'
JUST TRY AND STOP ME, STEVE WILSON.' I'M A NEWSPAPER-WOMAN,' BESIDES--WE'RE PARTNERS IN THIS HUNT.' I'LL LEAVE MY BAG IN THE CAB--IT WOULD JUST BE IN THE WAY UP THERE.'
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ACE NEWSMAN AND HIS PRETTY ASSISTANT STEP ONTO A LOFTY GIRDER...
GOSH... I'M EXHAUSTED, STEVE! THAT WAS SOME CLIMB.'
BETTER WAIT HERE, LORELEI, AND CATCH YOUR BREATH! I'LL CLIMB UP AND SEE IF I CAN LOCATE A PAINTER WHO'S WILLING TO LEND US HIS DINNER PAIL.'
WHILE STEVE MAKES HIS WAY UP THE STEEL ARCH...
THERE SHE IS, BOYS.' LET'S GET THAT SHOULDER BAG.'
BUT AS THE MOBSTERS REACH LORELEI...
IT'S GONE.'
OKAY, SISTER.' YOUR SHOULDER BAG--WHERE IS IT?
HIGH ON THE ARCH OF THE BRIDGE...
LORELEI!'
HELP!

SPRINGING INTO ACTION, THE ALERT NEWSMAN SCAMPERS DOWN THE STEEL ARC AND...
THERE'S THAT NEWSPAPER MUG!
YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY FOR A DANCE, BUSTER!
BEFORE THE MOBSTERS CAN DRAW THEIR GUNS...
STOP 'IM! HE'S WORSE'N A CAGEFUL OF TIGERS!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
THEN, AS THE HOODLUM RUSHES STEVE...
I'VE BEEN TAUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, THANK YOU!
REGAINING HIS FEET, THE BATTLING NEWSMAN FIGHTS A DELAYING ACTION...
LET'S LAND THIS FISH! WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!
LORELEI! BACK UP-- QUICK!
AIN
QUICKLY, STEVE POURS THE HEAVY SILVER PAINT BEFORE THE TRIO AND...
GO ON, LORELEI! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
NOT WITHOUT YOU, STEVE!

AS THE REPORTERS DASH OFF...
LET'S GO, LORELEI!
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!
THE HEAVY SAND WEIGHT STRIKES STEVE, HURLING HIM FORWARD ON THE SLIPPERY RAMP...
HAPPY LANDINGS, WISE GUY!
STEVE! STEVE--NO! STOP HIM!
WHILE THE MOBSTERS DESCEND TO STREET LEVEL WITH LORELEI, STEVE BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE, HIGH IN THE AIR...
MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET BELOW...
HARRY!
LET HER GO!
HEY! THE CAB! MAYBE SHE LEFT HER BAG THERE!
INFURIATED, HARRY THE HACK UNLEASHES A FIERCE BARRAGE UPON THE GANGSTER TRIO...
NO HACK IS GONNA STOP US!
I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL...
AS THE HOODLUMS SEARCH HARRY'S CAB...
LOOK--I FOUND IT! C'MON! WE'VE GOT TWENTY MINUTES TO GRAB THE COMMODORE PIERMONT!
WE'LL TAKE THE GIRL WITH US--IN CASE THEY TRY TO STOP US!
8

AS THE MOBSTERS SPEED OFF, STEVE COMES DOWN FROM THE BRIDGE...
I--I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY WENT, MR. WILSON.' BUT THEY SAID THEY'RE GRABBIN' SOME NAVY GUY NAMED COMMANDO PIERMONT IN TWENTY MINUTES!
COMMANDO PIERMONT--YOU MUST MEAN THE CRACK EXPRESS, THE COMMODORE PIERMONT, WHICH LEAVES BIG TOWN STATION AT 11:30 P.M.! C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!
HARRY'S FLEET CAB CAREENS THROUGH THE SIDE STREETS OF BIG TOWN IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO CUT OFF THE FLEEING CRIMINALS... FINALLY...
THERE THEY ARE! GET 'EM, MR. WILSON!
STEVE!
YOU HOODS HAVE GONE TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE TO STEAL A LADY'S HANDBAG! I WONDER WHY?
WE'LL SHOW 'EM, MR. WILSON!
AS THE POLICE ARRIVE...
I THOUGHT SO! THE L'ETE STAMP--WORTH $100,000! THEY PLANTED THIS STOLEN STAMP ON YOU AS A MEANS OF GETTING IT PAST THE ROAD BLOCK, LORELEI!
AT MIDNIGHT, STEVE AND LORELEI BURST INTO THE PARTY BALLROOM...
I SEE YOU COMPLETED ONLY ONE ASSIGNMENT, FOLKS! GOT AN ALIBI?
YES! READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS!
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

STEVE WILSON

EDITOR, ILLUSTRATED PRESS

IN "MIKE GETS AN ASSIST!"

BEAUTIFUL PLAY, MIKE!

THAT WINS THE CUP FOR OUR OFFICE TEAM!

THANKS, MR. WILSON! THANKS, MISS LORELEI!

MIKE'S TOO BRIGHT TO STAY AN OFFICE BOY, STEVE!

I'D PROMOTE MIKE TODAY, LORELEI — BUT HE'S WAY OFF BASE...

STEVE WILSON EDITOR

...ABOUT "B.O." I MEAN! MIKE SHOULD CATCH ON TO LIFEBUOY!

"B.O."— GOLLY!

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MY HERO!

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See local paper for day and channel

USE IT DAILY!

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NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER

SNAPPER, THERE'S A BIG SHOOTING GOING ON UP AT 3RD AND ELM--I WANT SOME PICTURES FOR THE MORNING EDITION! HURRY BACK!
CHECK, CHIEF!
WE'VE GOT THE KILLER TRAPPED IN THAT BUILDING, SNAPPER!
COULD YOU HURRY HIM UP, SARGE-- GOTTA GET PICTURES!
GOOD WORK, OFFICERS! NOW I WANT SOME REAL NICE SHOTS OF YOU HEROES!
GIVE ME YOUR PROFILE, COLLINS! THAT'S IT--LOOK UP TO YOUR RIGHT!
DON'T FORGET MY CHIN, SNAPPER! IT'S REAL PHOTOGENIC!
OKAY, SARGE! NOW GIVE ME THAT OLD SMILE AND TILT YOUR HEAD A WEE BIT UP AND TO YOUR LEFT!
HOLD IT!
THE MORNING EDITION HITS THE STANDS...
EXTRA! CITY NEWS EXTRA!
EXCLUSIVE PHOTO OF CAPTURED KILLER!
THE END

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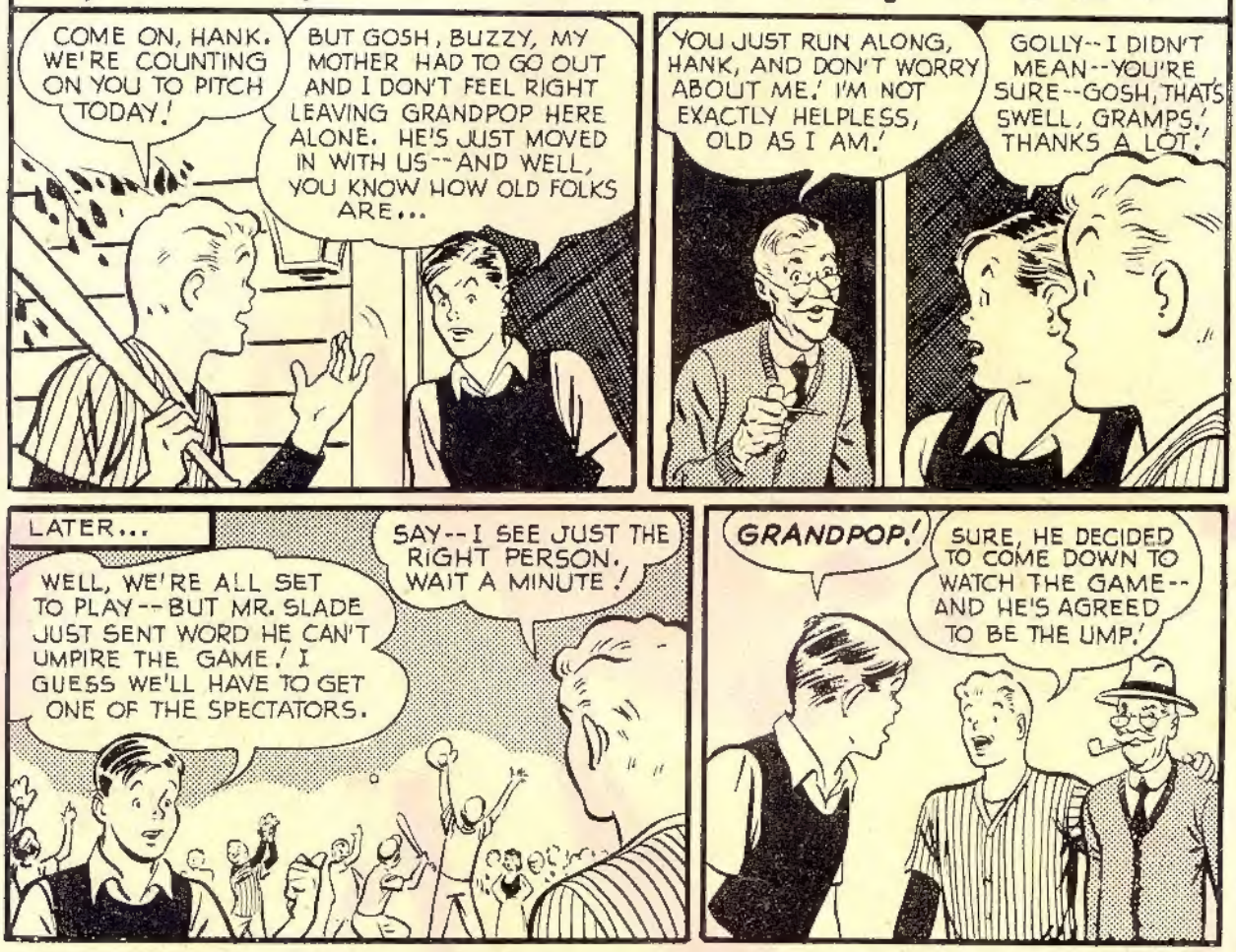
BUZZY says: "OLD FOLKS ARE PEOPLE, TOO!"


COME ON, HANK. WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO PITCH TODAY!
BUT GOSH, BUZZY, MY MOTHER HAD TO GO OUT AND I DON'T FEEL RIGHT LEAVING GRANDPOP HERE ALONE. HE'S JUST MOVED IN WITH US--AND WELL, YOU KNOW HOW OLD FOLKS ARE...
YOU JUST RUN ALONG, HANK, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.' I'M NOT EXACTLY HELPLESS, OLD AS I AM.'
GOLLY--I DIDN'T MEAN--YOU'RE SURE--GOSH, THAT'S SWELL, GRAMPS.' THANKS A LOT.'
LATER...
WELL, WE'RE ALL SET TO PLAY--BUT MR. SLADE JUST SENT WORD HE CAN'T UMPIRE THE GAME.' I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GET ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.
SAY--I SEE JUST THE RIGHT PERSON. WAIT A MINUTE!
GRANDPOP!
SURE, HE DECIDED TO COME DOWN TO WATCH THE GAME--AND HE'S AGREED TO BE THE UMP.'
BUT--BUT--GRANDPOP--HE--WELL--ER--
I USED TO PLAY BASEBALL, HANK, AND I'M STILL A BASEBALL FAN.' COME ON--PLAY BALL!
TROUBLE WITH YOU, HANK--AND WITH MOST OF US--IS THAT WE DON'T FIGURE OLD FOLKS ARE REGULAR PEOPLE, TOO.'

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I DON'T SEE HOW THEY MAKE 'EM FOR THE MONEY!

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